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An ancient bronze seal, of which the above is an exact copy, was found on the site of "Temple Brigid," which stood where the Catholic Chapel now stands in the City of Armagh. It appears to have been the private seal of one of the deans of the old cathedral of that city: it is in the highest preservation. The device is an eagle, and round it the inscription—S. JOSEPH DECANI ARDMACHANI—the seal of Joseph, Dean of Armagh. From the shape of the letters this seal may be assigned to the end of the twelfth or thirteenth century; they are the same as those that appear on various seals of these centuries, in particular upon one of Roger, Archbishop of York, appended to a deed to Furness Abbey, dated 1154, published in the "Vetusta Monumenta," and also the seal of York City, published in Drake's History of York.

J. C.

#### THE GOBAN SAOR.

SIR—Having observed some reference, in the late numbers of your valuable Journal, to this remarkable person, I beg to forward a few additional particulars, which you may deem not altogether unworthy of insertion.

I had frequently heard, among other traditional stories, that the burial place of the Goban Saor was an island in the Bog of Allen, called "Deire na Bplannc," about two miles from Killenaule, in the County of Tipperary. As I was returning home, on Thursday last, from a visit to the stately ruins of Athassel Abbey, (where I had the pleasure of seeing the effigy of William de Burgo, the founder of this magnificent structure, about the year 1200, together with the fragment of a tombstone, bearing the date, MCCCCIIVI—I suppose 1456—the oldest I had ever met in my researches in Ireland,) I observed, on passing through the bog, at a distance of two miles from the road, a small island, on the summit of which was an ancient ruin of considerable size; it struck me that this might have been the burial place of which I had so often heard, and, on stopping to enquire of a peasant what place it was, received for answer—"That, Sir, is Deire na Bplannc, where *himself* is buried." "Who is buried there?" said I. "What, Sir," said he, "did you never hear of the Goban Saor?" "Indeed," I replied, "I often did—and no later than yesterday read in the Penny Journal, that there were reasons to believe that a celebrated architect, of that name, actually lived in Ireland so long ago as the sixth century; but whom can I get to show me his burial place?" "If you will venture through the bog, I shall accompany you with pleasure, Sir." Upon this, quitting my car, and led by my active guide, whom I found to be an intelligent and communicative young man, what with leaping, picking steps, and occasionally sinking to my knees in the marsh, exposed to a scorching sun, I made my way first to a smaller island, and from thence to the place of my destination; and at the top of the hillock which formed the island, my guide pointed out to me what he called the tombs of the Goban Saor and his twelve journeymen. These consisted of two cairns, and four oblong, and one round stone, which I shall thus particularize:—

No. 1, which my guide called the tombstone of the Goban himself, a very ancient coffin-shaped stone, measuring five feet and a half in length, and one foot and a half in breadth at the upper part, and thirteen inches at

the lower. On the upper part was carved, in relief, but now much defaced, the head and neck of a man; the head is fitted into a separate hollow stone, having a corresponding hollow on the opposite side, as if for another head. The body of the stone is adorned with annulets and other devices.

No. 2, a like stone, four feet and a half by fourteen inches, having also a head engraved on it.

No. 3 is four feet four inches long, and two feet six inches broad at top, and one foot five inches at the lower part. This stone has two heads a few inches apart.

No. 4 is one foot and a half long, and one foot in breadth, having carved on it two heads, with the backs, to use the expression of my guide, "facing each other;" the rest are all placed horizontally.

No. 5 is a large round stone, hollowed on one side, and within the hollow is a human face carved. The tombstones are all laid indiscriminately, without regard to the points of the compass, and have the appearance of great antiquity.

Having remained among the tombs as long as time would permit, for night was approaching, and I had a long journey before me, I paid a short visit to the venerable ruin on the summit of the island, which seemed to have been a small monastery, to which was attached an ancient church, of excellent workmanship, the chancel of which alone remained in a state of tolerable preservation. This was twenty-seven feet by fifteen, having, in the east end, two narrow stone windows, three similar ones in the south, and one in the north; and in the south wall a font for holy water, with a handsome round arch, curiously wrought.

My guide "shortened my journey" by the following story, explanatory of the name of the island, which, indeed, I had heard before among the peasantry:—"Deire na Bplannc means the end or termination of the planks. The Goban Saor having been barbarously murdered, together with his journeymen, by twelve highwaymen, the murderers proceeded to his house and told the Goban's wife, with an air of triumph, that they had killed her husband. She, appearing nowise concerned, asked them to assist her in drawing open the trunk of a tree, which the Goban had been cutting up into planks. They put in their hands for the purpose, when, drawing out a wedge, she left them literally in a cleft stick, and, taking up an axe, cut off all their heads at a blow."

I now leave it to some of your antiquarian correspondents to judge whether the popular tradition has any foundation in truth, which fixes the scene of my Thursday's pilgrimage, as the tomb of the Goban Saor.

I am, Sir, &amp;c. &amp;c.

W. W.

#### TRANSLATION OF AN OLD IRISH SONG.

Mourn, daughters of Ullin! O cease not to mourn  
The fate of young Tóscar, who ne'er shall return  
Awake! my sad harp, let the song of his praise  
Descend to the heroes of far distant days!

The sons of proud Lochlin had pass'd the green wave—  
He called his companions, their country to save;  
A dark mountain torrent, they rush'd on the foe,  
And soon was their chieftain by Tóscar laid low.

Each foe having fall'n or fled the fierce field,  
The hero of Ullin reel'd on his shield:  
A dark son of Lochlin lay hid near the plain,  
By whose fatal arrow brave Tóscar was slain.

One stone, with its moss, will to future times tell  
Where the youth nobly fought—where the youth basely  
fell.

Mourn, daughters of Ullin! cease, cease not to mourn  
The fate of your hero, who ne'er shall return!

Let the tears of your beauty descend on his grave,  
'Tis a tribute that's due to the worthy and brave;  
From the cloud of his spirit, 'twill sooth him to view,  
His memory held dear by such mourners as you!

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